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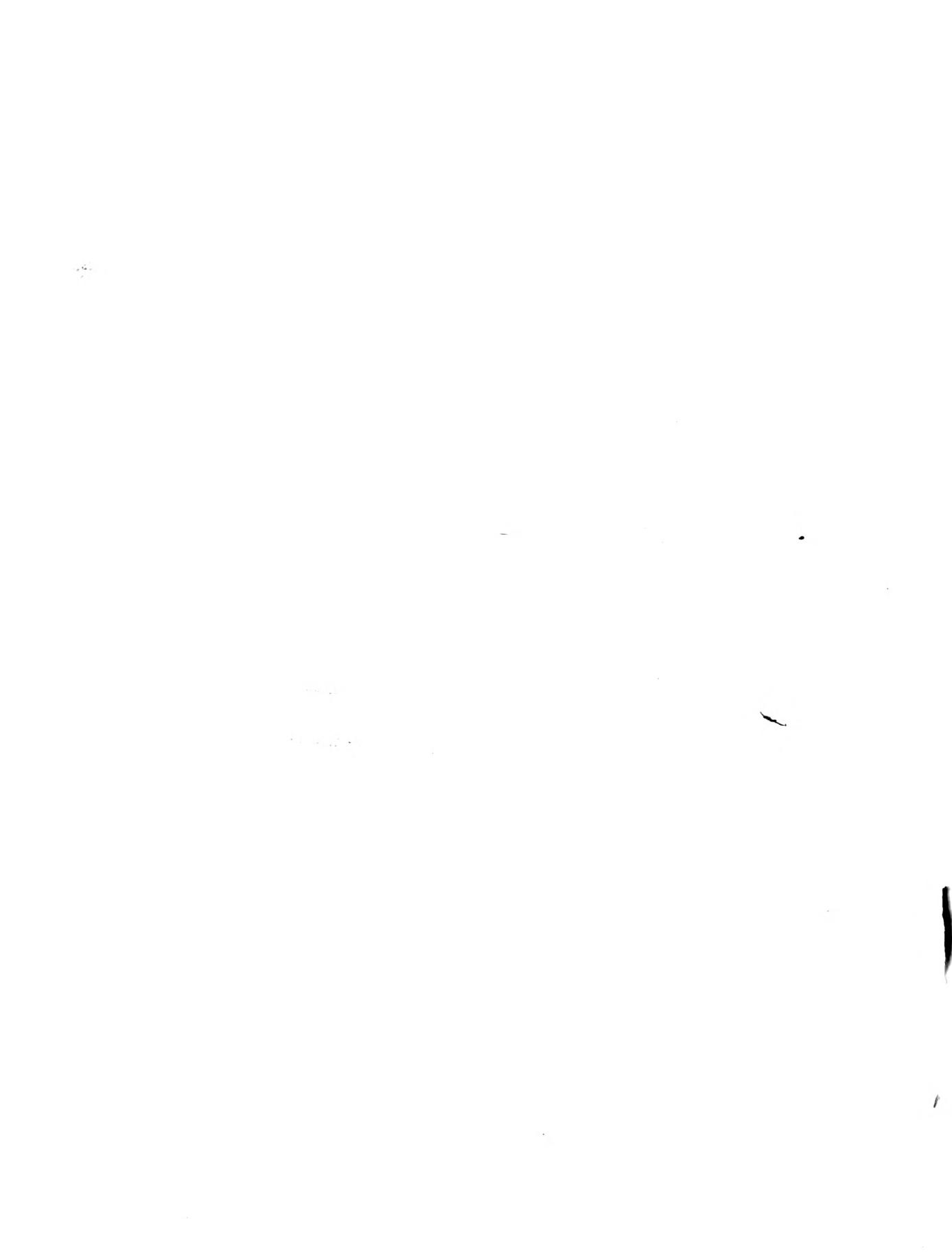




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*A*  
**E P I S T L E S**

TO THE

**G R E A T,**

FROM

**A R I S T I P P U S**

IN

**R E T I R E M E N T.**



E P I S T L E S  
TO THE  
G R E A T,  
F R O M  
*ARISTIPPUS* in Retirement.

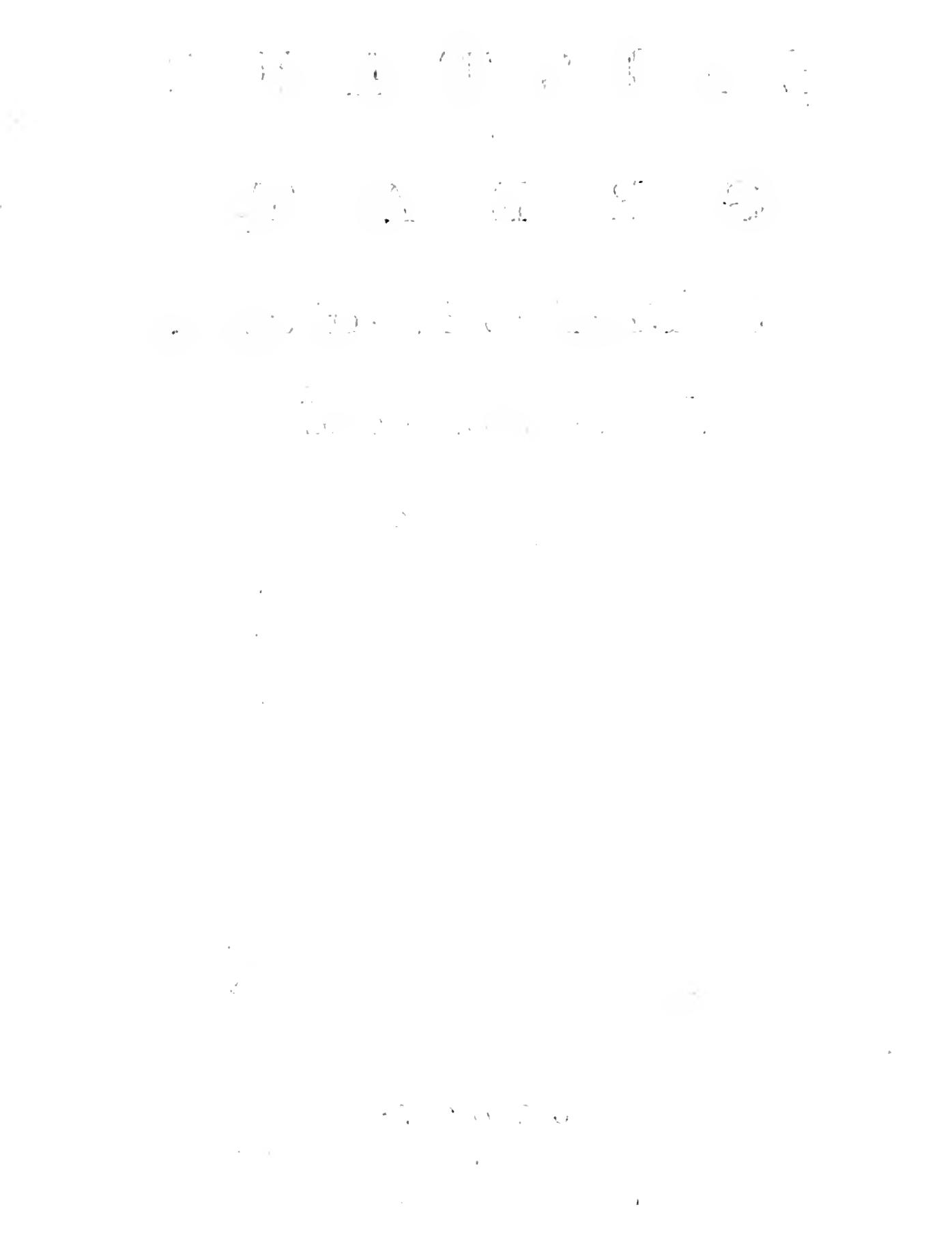
— *vivo et regno, simul ista reliqui,  
Quæ vos ad cælum effertis rumore secundo.*

HOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, at *Tully's-Head*  
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# A D V E R T I S E M E N T

OF THE

# E D I T O R.

THE Species of Poetry, in which the following Epistles are written, has been used, with great Success among the *French*, by CHAPELLE, CHAULIEU, LA FARRE, GRESSET, Madam DESHOUIERES, and others; but I don't remember to have seen it before in the *English* Language. The unconfin'd Return of the Rhymes and Easiness of the Diction seem peculiarly adapted to epistolary Compositions. Who the Author is remains as great a Secret to the Editor as to the Public; and, from what may be collected out of an anonymous Letter sent with the Manuscript, will continue so to both, except the Persons, to whom the Epistles are address'd, should do that Justice to the Author which he denies himself.

THE

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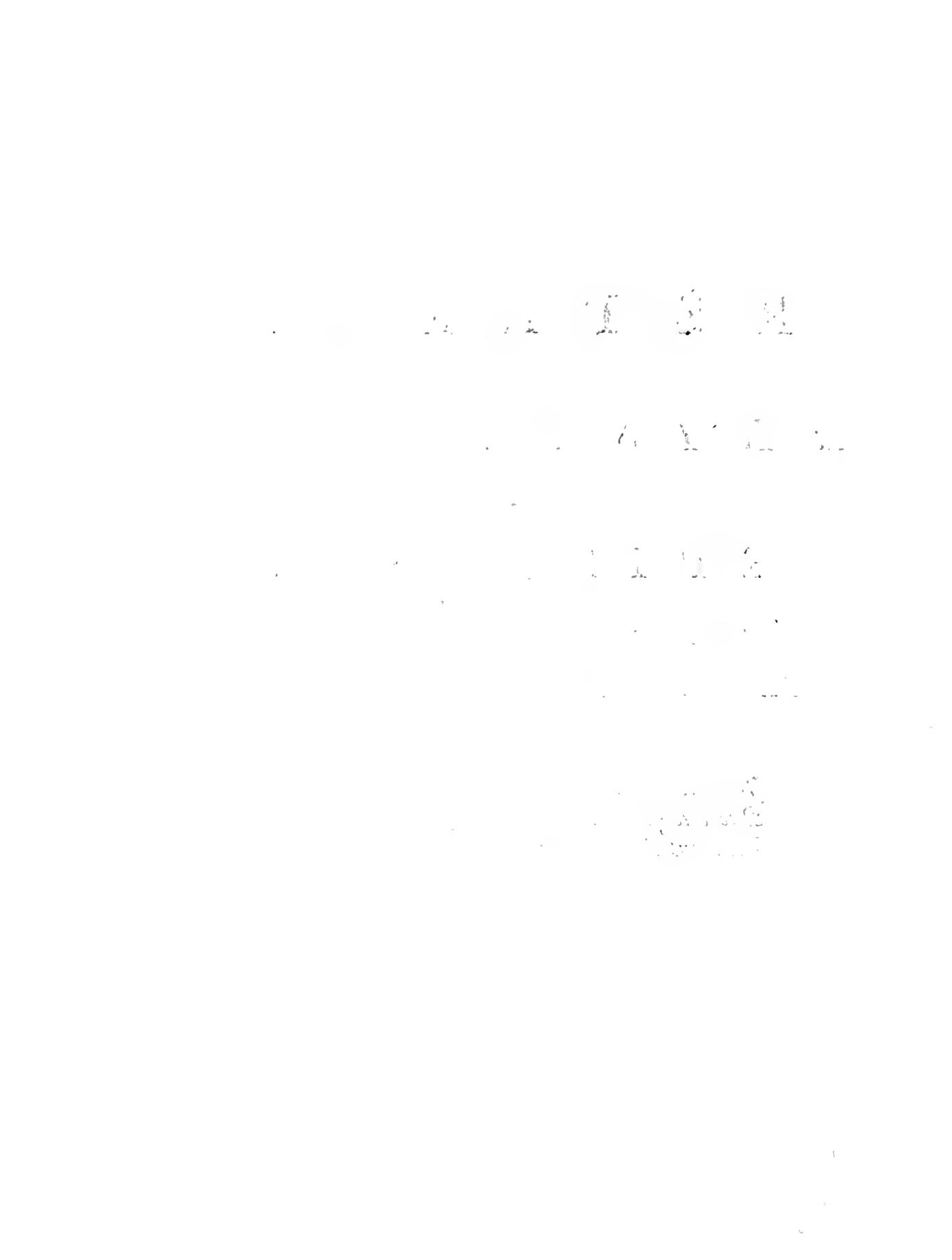
THE  
R E T R E A T  
O F  
A R I S T I P P U S.

E P I S T L E I.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE EARL OF \* \* \* \* \*.

*Je vous livre mes rêveries  
Que quelques vérités hardies,  
Viennent librement mélanger.*

G E S S E T.





T H E  
R E T R E A T  
O F  
A R I S T I P P U S.

E P I S T L E I.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE EARL OF \*\*\*\*\*.

**I**N Courts, my Lord, let others lead  
(Exchanging Happiness for State,  
Seiz'd with the Rage of being great)

The Croud of tinsel'd Slaves, who tread  
The miry ministerial Road  
To modern HONOR's dark Abode,

B And

And keep de spis'd Society  
 With th' high-born vulgar of the Town,  
 By ENGLAND's common Courtefy,  
 Politely call'd *good Company*,  
 To give bad Fellowship Renown ;  
 Remote from Politics and Strife,  
 From the dull Sons of Bus'ness free,  
 Uncurtain-lectur'd by a Wife,  
 Unfetter'd by domestic Life,  
 To letter'd Ease a Votary,  
 I pass the pleasure-pinion'd Hours  
 'Twixt EPICURUS' Myrtle Bow'rs  
 And ACADEMUS' palmy Grove,  
 Happy, from SEINE's meandering Shores,  
 The *first* to bring the THESPIAN Maids,  
 To play to SCIENCE and to LOVE  
 On CYPRIAN Pipes in BRITISH Shades.

No Levees here attend his Grace,  
 My-lording ev'ry Morn an Ass,

No Borough-mongers e'er appear,  
 Nor Office-Clerks with busy Face,  
 To make Fools wonder as they pass,  
 Whisper dull Nothings in his Ear.

The well-bred Insipidity  
 Of Town Assemblies ne'er is heard,  
 And Candidates for Prelacy,  
 That fable, supple, bowing Herd,  
 This silent Territory fly ;  
 For Bishopricks are seldom found  
 In Realms of scientific Ground.

No Doctor's medicinal Wig,  
 No titled Beggar's suppliant Knee,  
 No Placeman's pension'd Progeny,  
 No Citizen with Knighthood big  
 And newly purchas'd Pedigree,  
 No Vultures of the Human Race  
 From TEMPLE or from LINCOLN's-INN,  
 No Pseudo-Patriot out of Place,

Nor venal Senator that's in,  
 Disturb this amiable Retreat :  
 Only a MUSE, a LOVE, or GRACE,  
 In this calm Senate have a Seat.  
 Such Representatives are free.  
 No MUSE has lately been at Court,  
 Nor are the GRACES better for't ;  
 Nor have the LOVES septennially,  
 A Borough-Int'rest to support,  
 Mortgag'd their Healths or Property.

LED by unerring NATURE's Voice,  
 I haunt Retirement's silent Shade,  
 Where, on the mossy Sopha laid,  
 Contentment's humble Lot and Choice,  
 I see, thro' Contemplation's Eye,  
 The white-wing'd Cherub Innocence,  
 Heav'n's heart-enchanting Sweets dispense  
 On Peace's meek-ey'd Votary.

Here,

Here, undebauch'd by spurious *Art*,  
 Great NATURE reigns in ev'ry Part,  
 Both when resplendent TITAN's Beam  
 In high meridian Splendor glows,  
 And when pale CYNTHIA's maiden Gleam  
 O'er Night a silver Mantle throws.  
 The Natives of the neighb'ring Grove  
 Their Nuptials chaunt on vernal Sprays ;  
 Untaught by OVID how to love,  
 True Passion modulates their Lays.  
 From no PROPERTIUS polish'd Strain,  
 The Linnet forms her temp'rate Note ;  
 From no TIBULLUS learns to plain  
 The widow'd Turtle's faithful Throat.  
 Each feather'd Libertine of Air,  
 Gay as CATULLUS, loves and sings ;  
 Free as the TEIAN Sage from Care,  
 The Goldfinch claps his gilded Wings,  
 And wooes his Female to repair  
 To shady Groves and crystal Springs.

Here

Here bleſſ'd with Freedom and Content,  
 Untaught by devious Thought to stray  
 Thro' Fancy's visionary Way,  
 These ſilvan Bards of Sentiment  
 Warble the Dictates of the Heart  
 Uninterrupted as they flow,  
 Or ſtrongly high or sweetly low,  
 Unmeaſur'd by the Rules of Art.

Such Scenes the Good have ever lov'd,  
 The Great have fought, the Wife approv'd.  
 Here Legiſlators plann'd of old  
 The Pandects of immortal Laws ;  
 And mighty Chiefs and Heroes bold,  
 Withdrawn from popular Applause,  
 First having left their Countries free  
 From Savage and from human Pests,  
 O'er the fierce Tyrants in their Breasts  
 Gain'd a more glorious Victory.

METHINKS, I hear some Courtier say,  
 " Such Charms ideal ill agree  
 " With moderniz'd Gentility ;  
 " For now the witty, great, and gay,  
 " Think, what you call Simplicity,  
 " Dull Notions of Rusticity.  
 " In former Days a country Life,  
 " For so time-honour'd Poets sing,  
 " Free from Anxiety and Strife,  
 " Was blandish'd by perpetual Spring.  
 " There the sweet GRACES kept their court,  
 " The NYMPHS, the FAUNS, and DRYADS play'd,  
 " Thither the MUSES would resort,  
 " APOLLO lov'd the sylvan Shade.  
 " The GODS and HEROES own'd a Passion  
 " For Wives and Daughters of the Swains,  
 " And Heroines, whilst 'twas *the Fashion*,  
 " Ridotto'd on the rural Plains.

“ The

“ The 'Squires were then of heav'ly Race,  
 “ The Parsons fashionable too,  
 “ Young HERMES had at Court a Place,  
 “ VENUS and MARS were *Folks one knew.*  
 “ But long long since those Times are o'er,  
 “ No Goddess trips it o'er the Lea,  
 “ The Gods and Heroes are no more,  
 “ Who danc'd to rural Minstrelsy.  
 “ Our modern Dames of mortal Make  
 “ Detest the silent sad Abodes,  
 “ And Peers, who rank below the Gods,  
 “ Their solitary Seats forsake.  
 “ For now 'tis quite another Cafè,  
 “ The Country wears a diff'rent Face.  
 “ When sometimes, for Conveniency,  
 “ Thither her Ladyship is sent,  
 “ What Time the wish'd-for Rent-day's nigh,  
 “ Or SOL thro' TAURUS mounts the Sky,  
 “ Or GEORGE prorogues his Parliament,

" Her beauteous Bosom heaves a Sigh,  
 " Five Months in rustic Banishment.  
 " Thither, alas ! no Viscounts rove,  
 " Nor heart-betwitching Col'nels come,  
 " Dull is the Musick of the Grove,  
 " Unheeded fades the Meadow's Bloom.  
 " The verdant Copse may *take* the Birds,  
 " And Morning's Breath and Evening's Dew  
 " To bleating Flocks and lowing Herds  
 " Be pleasant and be wholesome too ;  
 " But how can these ('tis out of Nature)  
 " Have Charms for any human Creature ?"

Such are the Sentiments, I own,  
 Of all that lazy loit'ring Race,  
 Quite from Sir THOMAS to his GRACE,  
 Who never leave the guilty Town ;  
 But in the Purlieus of the Court,  
 By Knaves are spaniel'd up and down,  
 To fetch and carry each Report.

If such as these want Company,  
 Who their own Thoughts like Spectres fear,  
 At that dull Season of the Year,  
 When Bus'ness, or Necessity,  
 Calls 'em to Country Residence,  
 The *human Animals* may find,  
 Of equal Worth and equal Sense,  
 Associates destin'd to their Kind ;  
 For in this rural Scenery  
 The Representatives appear,  
 To Fancy's meditating Eye,  
 Of all the Knaves and Fools who bear  
 The Toils or Fopperies of Life,  
 The Sons of Indolence or Strife.  
 Thus, for Example, we'll suppose  
 That solemn *Owl*'s an *Alderman*,  
 Those gilded *Butterflies* are Beaux ;  
 That sable insect Caravan,  
 A Company of *Merchant Ants*  
 Providing for their Neighbours Wants ; That

That *Rook* and silly *Popin-jay*  
 At *ARTHUR*'s in the neighb'ring *Wood*  
 Meet at the closing of the *Day*,  
 When, imitating *Peers* at *Play*,  
*That* cheats the other of his *Food*.

The *Lawyer Kite* and *Client Goose*,  
 The *Reynard Statesman* fast and loose,  
 Perform their Parts with nice *Decorum* ;  
 And that grave sapient-looking *A/s*,  
 At Quarter-Sessions, well might pass  
 For a sage *Justice* of the *Quorum*.

The chatt'ring *Daws* are *Politicians*,  
 The gloomy-vision'd *Moles Physicians*,  
 And the fly *Snake*, that crawls in *Pride*,  
 With *Em'rald Coat*, and *Eyes of Brafs*,  
 Taught by ———'s *Self* to glide,  
 With reptile *Wiles* and reptile *Pace*,  
 Lurks an old *Courtier* in the *Grafs*,  
 As mean and faithleſs as his *GRACE*.

BUT let us pass such Objects by,  
 Emblems of human Foolery,  
 Or Patterns of its Knavery !  
 For other Images arise  
 To those, who inward turn their Eyes  
 To view th' Inhabitants of *Mind* ;  
 Where Solitude's calm Vot'ries find  
 Of Knowledge th' inexhausted Prize ;  
 And Truth, immortal Truth bestows,  
 Clad in æthereal Robes of Light,  
 Un-envied un-reprov'd Delight,  
 Pure as the Flakes of falling Snows.

ON me, my Lord, on humble me  
 The *intellectual* Train attends ;  
 SCIENCE oft seeks my Company,  
 And FANCY's Children are my Friends.  
 Here bles'd with Independency,  
 I look with Pity on the Great,  
 For who, that, in Tranquillity,

Around

Around him sees the PLEASURES wait,  
 The LAUGHS and GRACES at his Gate,  
 And little LOVES attending nigh,  
 Or fondly hov'ring o'er his Head,  
 To wing his Orders thro' the Sky,  
 Whilst warbling MUSES round him shed  
 The Flowers of Immortality,  
 Would wish, in splendid Poverty,  
 ST. JAMES's titled Badge to wear,  
 Distinguish'd, by a silver Star,  
 From every other parish P?

THANKS to my Ancestors and Heav'n,  
 To me the happier Lot is giv'n,  
 In calm Retreat my Time to spend  
 With rather better Company,  
 Than those who on the Court attend  
 In *honorable* Drudgery.  
 Warriors and Statesmen of old ROME  
 Duly observe my Levée-Day,

And Wits from polish'd ATHENS come,  
Occasional Devoirs to pay.

With me great PLATO frequent holds

Discourse on Immortality,

And ATTIC XENOPHON unfolds

His Master's *true* Philosophy ;

CÆSAR and TULLY often dine,

ANACREON rambles in my Grove,

Sweet HORACE drinks FALERNIAN Wine,

CATULLUS makes on haycocks love.

With these, and some a-kin to these,

The living Few who grace our Days,

I live in literary Ease,

My chief Delight their Taste to please

With soft and unaffected Lays.

Thus, to each Vot'ry's Wish, kind Fate

Divides the World with equal Line,

She bids Ambition, Care, and State,

Be the high Portion of the Great,

Peace, Friendship, Love, and Bliss be mine.

THE END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

THE  
T E M P E R  
O F  
A R I S T I P P U S.

E P I S T L E II.

TO THE  
HONOURABLE MRS. \* \* \* \* \*

*Quo me cunque rapit Tempestas deferor hospes.*

HORAT.





T H E  
T E M P E R  
O F  
A R I S T I P P U S.

E P I S T L E II.

T O T H E  
HONOURABLE MRS. \* \* \* \* \*

**I**'VE oft, MELISSA, heard you say,  
“ The World observes I never wear  
“ An Aspect gloomy or severe,  
“ That, constitutionally gay,  
“ Whether dark Clouds obscure the Sky,  
“ Or PHOEBUS gilds the Face of Day,

D

“ In

“ In practical Philosophy  
 “ Of Pleasure and Tranquillity,  
 “ I pass the winged Years away.”

IN most, 'tis true, the human Sense  
 Is subjected to Smiles, or Tears,  
 To swelling Pride, or trembling Fears,  
 “ By ev'ry skyey Influence.”

*Cameleon-like* their Souls agree  
 With all they hear and all they see,  
 Or, as one Instrument resounds,  
 Another's Unison of Sounds,  
 Their mutable Complexions carry  
 The Looks of Anger, Hope, and Joy ;

Just as the Scenes around 'em vary,  
 Pleasures delight, or Pains annoy.

But I, by philosophic Mood,  
 Let the wise call it happy Folly,  
 Educe from ev'ry Evil Good,  
 And Rapture e'en from Melancholy.

When,

When, in the silent Midnight Grove,  
 Sweet PHILOMELA swells her Throat  
 With tremulous and plaintive Note,  
 Expressive of disast'rous Love,  
 I with the PENSIVE PLEASURES dwell,  
 And, in their calm sequester'd Cell,  
 Listen with rapturous Delight  
 To the soft Songster of the Night.  
 Here ECHO, in her mossy Cave,  
 Symphonious to the love-born Song,  
 Warbles the vocal Rocks among,  
 Whilst gently-trickling Waters lave  
 The oak-fring'd Mountain's hoary Brow,  
 Whose Streams, united in the Vale,  
 O'er pebbled Beds loquacious flow,  
 Tun'd to the sad melodious Tale  
 In Murmurs querulously flow.  
 And, whilst immers'd in Thought I lie,  
 From Ages past and Realms unseen,

There moves before the mental Eye  
 The pleasing melancholy Scene  
 Of Nymphs and Youths unfortunate,  
 Whose Stories live eternally,  
 Recorded in the Books of Fate  
 By Priests of Immortality.

Thus, not by black Misanthropy  
 Impell'd, to Caves or Rocks I fly ;  
 But when, by Chance or Humour led,  
 My wand'ring Feet those Regions tread,  
 Taught by this gay Philosophy  
 To shun the Fellowship of Care,  
 I call into my Company  
 Such Pleasures as inhabit there.

With Rebel-will I ne'er oppose  
 The Current of my Destiny,  
 But, pliant as the Torrent flows,  
 Receive my Course implicitly.

As, from some shaded River's Side  
 If chance a tender Osier's blown,  
 Subject to the controuling Tide,  
 Th' obedient Shrub is carried down.  
 Awhile it floats upon the Streams,  
 By Whirlpools now is forc'd below,  
 Then mounts again where TITAN's Beams  
 Upon the shining Waters glow.  
 Sweet flow'ry Vales it passes by,  
 Cities, and Solitudes by Turns,  
 Or where a dreary Desart burns  
 In sorrowful Obscurity.  
 For many a League the Wand'rer's borne,  
 By Forest, Wood, Mead, Mountain, Plain,  
 'Till, carried never to return,  
 'Tis buried in the boundles Main.  
 Thus ARISTIPPUS forms his Plan ;  
 To ev'ry Change of Times and Fates  
 His Temper he accommodates ;

Not where he will, but where he can,  
A daily Bliss he celebrates.

An Osier on the Stream of Time,  
This pliable Voluptu'ry  
Is pleas'd with ev'ry Place and Clime,  
For Bliss is his Philosophy ;  
He sports where e'er the Current strays,  
'Till swallow'd are his jocund Days  
In, Time's great Main, Eternity.

LET Worldlings hunt for Happiness  
With Pain, Anxiety, and Strife,  
Thro' ev'ry thorny Path of Life,  
And ne'er th' ideal Fair possess !  
For who, alas ! their Passions send  
The fleeting Image to pursue,  
Themselves their own Designs undo,  
And in the Means destroy the End !  
But I a surer Clue have found,  
To guide me o'er the magic Ground ;

For,

For, seeing how this DEITY  
For ever roves at Liberty  
Thro' FANCY's visionary Road,  
I never Wisdom's Schemes employ  
To bind her matrimonially  
To any Station's fix'd Abode,  
But where I meet her I enjoy ;  
And being free from Strife and Care,  
Am sure to meet her ev'ry where.

THE END OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.



T H E  
A P O L O G Y

O F

A R I S T I P P U S.

E P I S T L E III.

T O

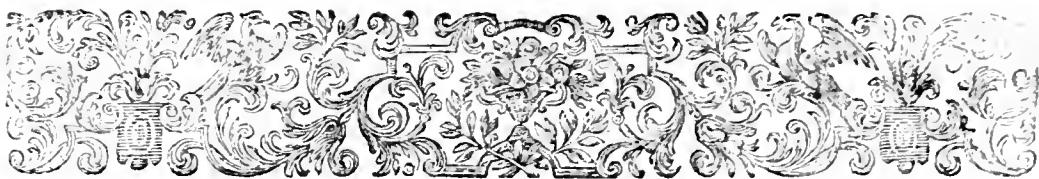
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* E S Q.

*D'autres font des vers par etude  
J'en fais pour me desennuyer.*

G R E S S E T.

E





THE  
A P O L O G Y  
OF  
A R I S T I P P U S.  
EPISTLE III.

SHOULD supercilious Censors say  
“ His Youth is waining, 'tis not Time  
“ For ARISTIPPUS *now* with Rhime  
“ To while the useless Hours away,”  
I might reply, I do no more  
Than what my Betters did before ;

E 2

That

That what at first my Fancy led  
 This idle Busines to pursue,  
 Still makes me prosecute the Trade,  
 Because *I've nothing else to do* ;  
 But to the candid, Sir, and you,  
 A better Reason I could give,  
 To whom a better Reason's due,  
 That in these Measures I convey  
 My gentle Precepts, how to live,  
 Clearer than any other Way.  
 For in the Pow'rs of Poetry,  
 Wit, Truth, and Pleasure blended lie,  
 As, in ITALIA's fertile Vales,  
 On the *same* Tree, *whilſt* Bloſſoms blow,  
 The ripen'd Fruits nectareous grow,  
 Fed by warm Suns and fresh'ning Gales.  
 Divineſt Art ! to Mortals giv'n,  
 By thee, the brave, the good, the wise,  
 The fair, the learn'd, and witty, rise  
 From Earth's dull Sod, and people Heav'n.      Nor

Nor be't to thee imputed Blame,  
 That ever-barking Calumny,  
 And filthy-mouth'd Obscenity,  
 Have oft usurp'd thy injur'd Name !  
 Alas ! the Drops which MORNING sheds  
 With dewy Fingers on the Meads,  
 The Pink's and Vi'let's Tubes to fill,  
 Alike the noxious Juices feed  
 Of deadly Hemlock's pois'nous Weed,  
 And give 'em fatal Pow'r to kill !

IMAGINATION loves to trace  
 REASON's immortal Lineaments  
 In FICTION's necromantic Face,  
 When PROBABILITY assents.  
 The fairest Features FICTION wears,  
 When most like TRUTH th' Inchantress looks,  
 As sweet NARCISSA's Shade appears,  
 In silent Lakes and crystal Brooks,

So

So like the Life, we scarcely know  
 Where last to fix our wav'ring Love,  
 Whether upon the Form below,  
 Or on the real Nymph above.  
 In each an Angel's Face we see,  
 Tho' for the *Substance* breathe our Sighs,  
 E'en whilst we cast our longing Eyes  
 Down on the watry Imag'ry.

BUT should you ask me, why I choose,  
 Of all the laurel'd Sisterhood  
 Th' Inhabitants of PINDUS' Wood,  
 The least considerable Muse.  
 The Vi'lets round the Mountain's Feet,  
 Whose humble Gems unheeded blow,  
 Are to the Shepherd's Smell more sweet  
 Than lofty Cedars on its Brow.  
 Let the loud EPIC sound th' Alarms  
 Of dreadful War, and Heroes sprung

From some immortal Ancestry,  
 Clad in impenetrable Arms  
 By VULCAN forg'd, my Lyre is strung  
 With softer Chords, my MUSE more free  
 Wanders thro' PINDUS' humbler Ways  
 In amiable Simplicity :  
 Unstudy'd are her artless Lays,  
 She asks no Laurel for her Brows ;  
 Careless of Censure or of Praise,  
 She haunts where tender Myrtle grows ;  
 Fonder of Happiness than Fame  
 To the proud Bay prefers the Rose,  
 Nor barters Pleasure for a Name.  
 On NATURE's Lap reclin'd at Ease,  
 I listen to her heav'nly Tongue,  
 From her derive the Pow'r to please,  
 From her receive th' harmonious Time,  
 And what the Goddess makes my Song  
 In unpremeditated Rhyme

Mellifluous flows, whilst young DESIRE,  
 Cull'd from the ELYSIAN Bloom of Spring,  
 Strews Flow'rs immortal round my Lyre,  
 And FANCY's sportive Children bring,  
 From blossom'd Grove and lilded Mead,  
 Fresh fragrant Chaplets for my Head.  
 The most, tho' softest of the NINE,  
 The gentle Muse, sweet EUTERPE,  
 Queen of heart-soft'ning Melody,  
 Allures my Ear with Notes divine.  
 In my Retreat EUTERPE plays,  
 Where SCIENCE, garlanded with Flow'rs,  
 Beneath the Shade of myrtle Bow'rs,  
 Enraptur'd listens to her Lays..

THIS pleasing Territory lies.  
 Unvisited by common Eyes,  
 Far from the Prude's affected Spleen,  
 Or Bigot's furly Godliness,

Where

Where no Coquettes, no Jilts are seen,  
 Nor folly-fetter'd Fops of Dress ;  
 Far from the vulgar High and Low,  
 The pension'd great Man's Littleness ;  
 Or thosc, who, prone to Slav'ry, grow  
 Fit Tools of others Tyranny,  
 And, with a blind Devotion, bow  
 To wooden Blocks of Quality ;  
 Far from thosc Fools, who, bles'd with Store,  
 Absurdly hazard much for more,  
 Trusting at Play the Goddess *blind*,  
 Or thosc who hazard nothing for't,  
 Making, not made of, her the Sport,  
 For, should she look with Eyes unkind,  
 A safe and easy Way they find  
 How to *correct* their Deity  
 By manual Dexterity ;  
 Far from the Land of ARGUMENT,  
 Where deep within their murky Cells,

FIGURES and bloated TROPES are pent,  
 And three-legg'd SYLLOGISM dwells,  
 Where CATACHRESIS long in Face,  
 And giant-siz'd HYPERBOLE,  
 'Gainst Wit lead forth the wordy Race  
 Of sense-entangling SOPHISTRY ;  
 Far from the bubble-blown Train  
 The School-men, subtle and refin'd,  
 Who swell th' unintellected Brain  
 With Puffs of *theologic* Wind ;  
 And all the Tribes of PEDANTRY,  
 Who REASON's Offspring try to bind  
 With cob-web Chains of Casuistry.  
 But, whilst such Drones are drove away,  
 The Fair, the Witty, and the Gay,  
 Each real Bliss of Life supply.

HERE the soft Patriarch of the LOVES,  
 Honey'd ANACREON, with the Doves

Of

Of VENUS flutt'ring o'er his Head,  
 (Whilst ivy-crowned HOURS around  
 The laughter-loving GRACES lead  
 In sportive Ringlets to the Sound  
 Of PAPHIAN Flutes) the MUSE invites  
 To festive Days and am'rous Nights.  
 Here tender Moscus loves to rove  
 Along the Meadows daised Side,  
 Where Streams of dimpling Waters glide  
 Under a cool and silent Grove.  
 Rapt in cœlestial Extasy  
 SAPPHO, whom all the NINE inspire,  
 Varies her am'rous Melody,  
 The Chords of whose IDALIAN Lyre,  
 As changeful Passions ebb or flow,  
 Struck with bold Hand now vibrate high,  
 Now modulated to a Sigh  
 They tremble languishingly low.

HORACE, mild Sage, refin'd with Ease,  
 The Doctor of Humanity,  
 Whose Precepts, whilst they counsel, please,  
 The Poet of Philosophy  
 Without the Jargon of the Schools  
 And sur-gown'd Pedant's bookish Rules,  
 Here keeps his lov'd Academy ;  
 His Art so nicely he conceals,  
 That Wisdom on the Bosom steals,  
 And Men grow good insensibly.  
 From cool VALCLUSA's lilyed Meads  
 Soft PETRARCH and his LAURA come,  
 And e'en great TASSO sometimes treads  
 These flow'ry Walks, and culls the Bloom  
 Of rural Groves, where heretofore  
 Each MUSE, each GRACE, beneath the Shade  
 Of myrtle Bow'rs, in secret play'd  
 With an IDALIAN Paramour.

From

From silver SEINE's transparent Streams,  
 With Roses and with Lilies crown'd,  
 Breathing the same heart-easing Themes,  
 And tun'd in amicable Sound,  
 Soft Bands of kindred Spirits blow  
 Sweet LYDIAN Notes on GALLIC Reeds,  
 Whose Songs instruct us how to know  
 Truth's Flow'r's from Affectation's Weeds.  
 CHAPELLE and CHAULIEU first appear,  
 BACHAUMON and LA FARRE pursue,  
 The smoothly-voic'd PAVILLON too  
 With his admir'd DESHOULIERES ;  
 Lastly, more sweet than western Wind  
 Breathes from the Vi'let's fragrant Beds,  
 When balmy Dews AURORA sheds,  
 GRESSET's clear Pipe, distinct behind,  
 Symphoniously combines in one  
 Each former Bards mellifluent Tone.  
 GRESSET ! in whose harmonious Verse  
 The INDIAN Bird shall never die,

Tho'

Tho' Death may perch on VER-VERT's Hearse,  
 Fame's Tongue immortal shall rehearse  
*His* variable Loquacity.

Nor wanting are there Bards of THAMES,  
 On rural Reed young SURRY plays,  
 And WALLER woos the courtly Dames  
 With gay and unaffected Lays,  
 His careless Limbs supinely laid  
 Beneath the Beech's leafy Shade.  
 PRIOR his careless Pipe applies  
 To soothe his jealous CLOË's Breast,  
 And even SACHARISSA's Eyes  
 To brighter CLOË's yield the Prize  
 Of VENUS' soul-bewitching *Cest.*  
 Than these much greater Bards, I ween,  
 Whenever they will condescend  
 'Th' inferior MUSES to attend,  
 Immortalize this humble Scene :

SHAKE-

SHAKESPEAR'S and DRAYTON'S fairy Crews

In midnight Revels gambol round,

And POPE'S light SYLPHIDS sprinkle Dews

Refreshing on the magic Ground.

Nor 'sdains the DRYAD Train of Yore,

And green-hair'd NAIADS of the Flood,

To join with FANCY'S younger Brood,

Which Brood the sweet Inchantress bore

To BRITISH Bards in After-times,

Whose Fame shall bloom in deathless Rhymes,

When GREECE and BRITAIN are no more.

WHILST such the Feasts of Fancy give,

Careless of what dull Sages know,

Amidst their Banquets I will live,

And, pitying, look on Pow'r below.

If still the CYNIC Censor says,

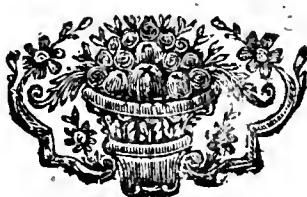
That ARISTIPPUS' useless Days

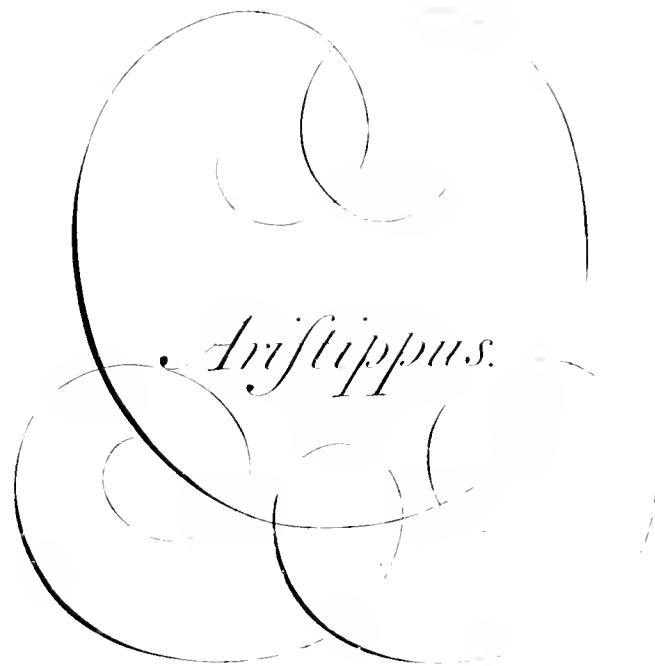
Pass in melodious Foolery,

To

To make my last Apology  
 Unanswerably, I reply,  
 " Whatever has the Pow'r to bleſs,  
 " By living having learnt to prize,  
 " Since Wisdom will afford me less  
 " Than what from harmless Follies rise,  
 " I cannot ſpare from Happineſs  
 " A ſingle Moment to be wiſe.

THE END OF THE THIRD EPISTLE.







T H E

C A L L

O F

*A R I S T I P P U S.*

E P I S T L E IV.

T O

MARK AKENSIDE, M.D.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE THREE FORMER  
EPISTLES OF *ARISTIPPUS*.

ΑΧΑΠΙC ΔΕ ΤΙC ΠΕΦΥΚΩC  
ΜΕΘΕΤΩ ΠΟΙΗΜΑ——

ODE HENR. STEPHANI.



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T H E  
C A L L  
O F  
A R I S T I P P U S.  
E P I S T L E IV.

TO MARK AKENSID, M.D.



THOU, for whom the BRITISH bays  
Bloom in these unpoetic days,  
Whose early genius glow'd to follow  
The arts thro' nature's ancient ways,  
Twofold disciple of APOLLO !  
Shall ARISTIPPUS' easy lays,  
Trifles of philosophic pleasure  
Compos'd in literary leisure,  
Aspire to gain thy deathless praise ?

If thy nice ear attends the strains  
 This careless bard of nature breathes  
 On CYPRIAN flute in *Albion's* plains,  
 By future poets myrtle wreaths  
 Shall long be scatter'd o'er his urn  
 In annual solemnity,  
 And marble CUPIDS, as they mourn,  
 Point where his kindred ashes lie.

WHILST thro' the tracks of endless day  
 Thy muse shall, like the bird of JOVE,  
 Wing to the source of light her way  
 And bring from cloudless realms above,  
 Where TRUTH's seraphic daughters glow,  
 Another Promethean ray  
 To this benighted globe below,  
 Mine, like soft CYTHEREA's dove,  
 Contented with her native grove,  
 Shall fondly soothe th' attentive ears  
 Of life's way-wearied travellers,  
 And,

And, from the paths of fansied woes,  
 Lead 'em to the serene abode  
 Where real bliss and real good  
 In sweet security repose ;  
 Or, as the lark with matin notes,  
 To youth's new voyagers, in spring,  
 As over head in air she floats,  
 Attendant on unruffled wing,  
 Warbles inartificial joy,  
 My muse in tender strains shall sing  
 The feats of Venus' winged boy,  
 Or how the nimble-footed Hours,  
 With the three GRACES knit in dance,  
 Follow the goddess ELEGANCE  
 To HEBE's court in PAPHIAN bow'rs.

NOR let the supercilious wife  
 And gloomy sons of melancholy  
 These unaffected lays despise  
 As day-dreams of melodious folly.

REASON

REASON a lovelier aspect wears  
 'The SMILES and MUSES when between,  
 Than in the STOIC's rigid mien  
 With beard philosophiz'd by years ;  
 And VIRTUE moaps not in the cell  
 Where cloister'd PRIDE and PENANCE dwell,  
 But, in the chariot of the LOVES,  
 She triumphs innocently gay,  
 Drawn by the yok'd IDALIAN doves,  
 Whilst young AFFECTIONS lead the way  
 To the warm regions of the heart,  
 Whence selfish fiends of VICE depart,  
 Like spectres at th' approach of day.

SHOULD any infidel demand,  
 Who sneers at our poetic heav'n,  
 Whether from ordination given  
 By prelates of the THESPIAN land,  
 Or inspiration from above,  
 (As modern methodists derive  
 Their

Their light from no divine alive)  
 I hold the great prerogative  
 T'interpret sage ANACREON's writ,  
 Or gloss upon CATULLUS' wit,  
 Prophets that heretofore were sent,  
 And finally require to see  
 CREDENTIALS of my embassy,  
 Before his faith could yield assent,  
 Convincing reasons I would give  
 From a short tale scarce credible,  
 But yet as true and plausible,  
 As some which catholics believe,  
 That I was *call'd* by Jove's behest  
 A PAPHIAN and a Delphian Priest.

ONCE when by TRENT's pellucid streams,  
 In days of prattling infancy,  
 Led by young wondring EXSTASY,  
 To view the sun's resplendent beams

As on the sportive waves they play'd  
 Too far I negligently stray'd,  
 The god of day his lamp withdrew,  
 EVENING her dusky mantle spread,  
 And from her moist'ned tresses shed  
 Refreshing drops of pearly dew.  
 Close by the borders of a wood,  
 Where an old ruin'd abbey stood,  
 Far from a fondling mother's sight,  
 With toil of childish sport oppres'd  
 My tender limbs sunk down to rest  
 'Midst the dark horrors of the night.  
 As HORACE erst by fabled doves  
 With spring's first leaves was mantled o'er  
 A wand'rer from his native groves,  
 A like regard the BRITISH LOVES  
 To me their future poet bore,  
 Nor left me guardianless alone,  
 For tho' no NYMPH or FAUN appear'd,

Nor piping SATYR was there heard,  
 And here the DRYADS are unknown;  
 Yet, natives true of ENGLISH ground,  
 Sweet ELVES and Fays in mantles green,  
 By shepherds oft in moonlight seen,  
 And dapper fairies danc'd around.  
 The nightingale, her love-lorn lay  
 Neglecting on the neighb'ring spray,  
 Strew'd with fresh flow'rs my turf'y bed,  
 And, at the first approach of morn,  
 The red-breast stript the fragrant thorn  
 On roses wild to lay my head.  
 Thus, as the wondring rusticks say,  
 In smiling sleep they found me laid  
 Beneath a blossom'd hawthorn's shade,  
 Whil'st sportive bees, in mystic play,  
 With honey fill'd my little lips  
 Blent with each sweet that ZEPHYR sips  
 From flow'ry cups in balmy *May*.

FROM that bleſſ'd hour my bosom glow'd  
 Ere vanity or fame inspir'd; . . . . .  
 With unaffected transports fir'd, . . . . .  
 And from my tongue untutor'd flow'd,  
 In childhood's inattentive days, . . . . .  
 The lisping notes of artleſs lays.  
 Nor have these dear enchantments ceas'd,  
 For what in innocence began . . . . .  
 Still with increasing years increas'd,  
 And youth's warm joys now charm the man. . . . .  
 Perhaps this fondly-foster'd flame,  
 E'en when in dust my body's laid,  
 Will o'er the tomb preserve it's fame,  
 And glow within my future shade.  
 If thus, as Poets have agreed  
 The soul, when from the body freed,  
 In t' other world confines her bliss  
 To the same joys ſhe lov'd in this,  
 Thine, when ſhe's paſſ'd the STYGIAN flood,  
 Shall, 'midſt the patriot chiefs of old,

The wife, the valiant, and the good,  
(Great names in deathless archives roll'd !)

Strike with a master's mighty hand  
Thy golden lyre's profoundest chords,  
And fascinate the kindred band  
With magic of poetic words.

Ravish'd with thy mellifluent lay  
PLATO and VIRGIL shall entwine  
Of olive and the MANTUAN bay  
A never-fading crown for thee,

And learn'd LUCRETIUS shall resign,  
Among the foll'wers of the NINE,

His philosophic dignity.

For tho' his faithful pencil drew  
NATURE's *external* symmetry,  
Yet to the MIND's capacious view,  
That unconfin'd expatiates  
O'er mighty NATURE's wondrous *whole*;  
Thy nicer stroke delineates  
The finer features of the SOUL.

And,

And, whilst the THEBAN bard to thee  
 Shall yield the bold ÆOLIAN lyre,  
 HORACE shall hear attentively  
 Thy finger touch his softer wire  
 To more familiar harmony.

Mean while thy ARISTIPPUS' shade  
 Shall seek where sweet ANACREON plays,  
 Where CHAPELLE spends his festive days,  
 Where lies the vine-impurpled glade  
 By tuneful CHAULIEU vocal made,  
 Or where our SHENSTONE's mossy cell,  
 Or where the fair DESHOUliÈRES strays,  
 Or HAMMOND and PAVILLON dwell,  
 And GRESSET's gentle spirit roves  
 Surrounded by a group of LOVES  
 With roses crown'd and asphodel.

LET the furr'd pedants of the schools,  
 In learning's formidable show,

Full of wise laws and bookish rules,  
 The meagre dupes of misery grow,  
 A lovelier doctrine I profess  
 Than their dull science can avow ;  
 All that belongs to happiness  
 Their *heads* are welcome still to *know*,  
 My *heart's* contented to *possess*.  
 For in soft elegance and ease,  
 Secure of living whilst I live,  
 Each momentary bliss I seize,  
 Ere these warm faculties decay,  
 The fleeting moments to deceive  
 Of human life's allotted day.  
 And when th' invidious hand of TIME  
 By stealth shall silver o'er my head,  
 Still PLEASURE's rosy walks I'll tread,  
 Still with the jocund MUSES rime,  
 And haunt the green IDALIAN bow'rs,  
 Whilst wanton boys of PAPHOS' court  
 In myrtles hide my staff for sport,  
 And coif me, where I'm bald, with flow'rs.

Thus to each happy habit true,  
 Preferring happiness to pow'r,  
 Will ARISTIPPUS e'en pursue  
 Life's comforts to the latest hour,  
 Till age (the only malady  
 Which thou and med'cine cannot cure,  
 Yet what all covet to endure)  
 This innocent voluptu'ry  
 Shall, from the LAUGHS and GRACES *here*,  
 With late and lenient change remove,  
 To regions of ELYSIAN air,  
 Where Shades of mortal PLEASURES rove,  
 Destin'd, without alloy, to share  
 Eternal joys of mutual love,  
 Which *transitory* were above.

THE END OF THE FOURTH EPISTLE.



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